Qu. Tis full of thy foule wrongs.
King. My fathers death.
Qu. Thy ſelfe hath that diſhonord.
King. Then by my ſelfe.
Qu. Thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe miſuſeſt.
King. Why, then by God.
Qu. Gods wrong is moſt of all:
If thou hadſt feard, to breake an oath by him,
The vnitie the King my brother made,
Had not beene broken, nor my brother ſlaine.
If thou hadſt feard to breake an oath by him,
The emperiall mettel circling now thy brow,
Had graſt the tender temples of my childe,
And both the Princes had beene breathing here,
Which now two tender play-fellowes for duſt,
Thy broken faith hath made a praye for wormes.
King. By the time to come.
Qu. That thou haſt wrongd in time orepaſt,
For I my ſelfe haue many teares to waſh
Hereafter time for time, by thee paſt wrongd,
The children liue, whoſe parents thou haſt ſlaughtred,
Vngouernd youth, to wayle it with their age.
The parents liue whoſe children thou haſt butcherd,
Old withered plants to waile it with their age:
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou haſt
Miſuſed, eare vſed, by time miſuſed orepaſt.
King. As I entend to proſper and repent,
So thriue I in my dangerous attempt,
Of hoſtile armes, my ſelfe my ſelfe confound,
Day yeeld me not thy light, nor night thy reſt,
Be oppoſite, all planets of good lucke
To my proceedings, if with pure hearts loue,
Immaculated deuotion, holy thoughts,
I render not thy beauteous princely daughter,
In her conſiſts my happineſſe and thine,
Without her, follows to this land and me,
To thee, her ſelfe, and many a Chriſtian ſoule,
Sad deſolation, ruine and decay,
It cannot be auoided but by this:
It will not be auoided but by this:

Therefore good mother (I muſt call you ſo)
Be the atturney of my loue to her.
Pleade what I will be, not what I haue beene,
Not by deſerts, but what *I* will deſerue:
Vrge the neceſſitie and ſtate of times,
And be not peeuiſh fond in great deſignes.
Qu. Shall I be tempted of the Diuell thus
King. I, if the diuell tempt thee to do good
Qu. Shall I forget my ſelfe to be my ſelfe?
King. I, if your ſelfes remembrance wrong
Qu. But thou didſt kill my children.
King. But in your daughters wombe, Ile bu
Where in that neſt of ſpicerie there ſhall bree
Selfes of themſelues to your recomfiture.
Qu. Shall *I* go win my daughter to thy w
King. And be a happy mother by the dee
Qu. I go, write to me very ſhortly.
King. Beare her my true loues kiſſe: fare
Relenting foole, and ſhallow changing woma
Rat. My gracious ſoueraigne, on the *Weſt*
Rideth a puiſſant Nauie. To the ſhore,
Throng many doubtfull hollow-harted friend
Vnarmd, and vnreſolud to beate them backe
Tis thought that Richmond is their Admirall
And there they hull, expecting but the ayd,
Of Buckingham to welcome them a ſhore.
King. Some light foote friend, poſt to the
Ratcliffe thy ſelfe, or Catesby, where is he?
Cat. Heere my Lord.
King. Flie to the Duke: poſt thou to Salisb
When thou comeſt there: dull vnmindfull vi
Why ſtandſt thou ſtill, and goeſt not to the D
Cat. Firſt mightie ſoueraigne, let me know
What from your grace I ſhall deliuer him.
King. O true, good Catesbie, bid him leuie
The greateſt ſtrength and power he can mak
And meete me preſently at Salisburie.
Rat. What it is your highnes pleaſure I ſh
King. Why what wouldſt thou do there be